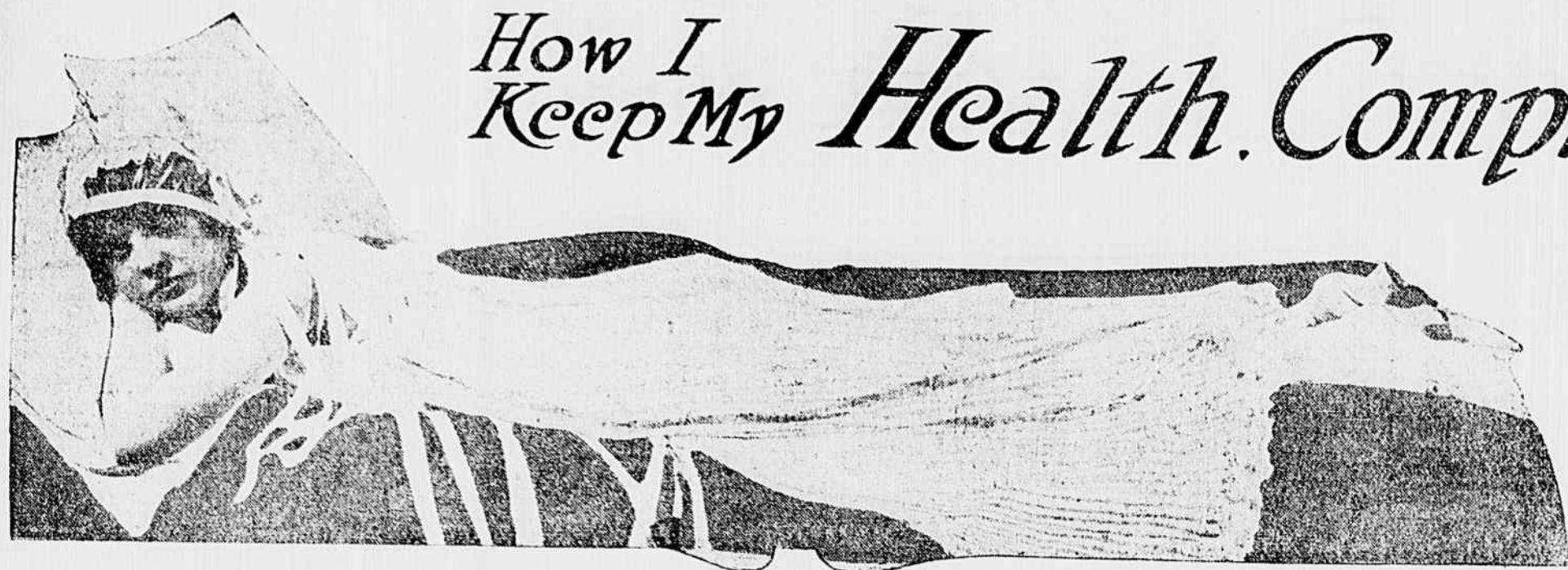


How I Keep My Health, Complexion and Figure.



"Sleeping in this attitude aids digestion and keeps the spine straight."

Miss Justine Johnson, the \$5,000 Prize Beauty, Explains How She Keeps in Condition by Walking on All Fours and Other Odd and Unusual Postures

By Miss Justine Johnson

The American Beauty Who Won a \$5,000 First Prize at a Beauty Show.

I HAVE invented a series of exercises to keep myself—shall I say beautiful? No. I will set an example in modesty and say, instead—keep myself at my best.

Gladly I give them to the world, believing that it is my duty to help as much as I can to make every other woman fit, which is only another way of saying, to keep her beautiful. I read the other day that happiness is simply the right functioning of all the organs. With that I agree. But let us make happiness include health as it must. Unquestionably, health includes beauty.

I determined, when I won the high honor of the title of "America's Loveliest Woman," to remain worthy of the title. I realized when I won this picture competition which gave me the title that the winner of a beauty prize is like a champion prizefighter. She must fight to win and fight to keep her preeminence.

I resolved to keep the beauty belt of care of my health would remain in. At that time I began to study medical works and became a regular reader of magazines on health. My researches in physiology taught me that the two feet on which the body of health stands are circulation and digestion.

I studied the internal mechanism of digestion as exhaustively as a watchmaker the inner mechanism of a watch. What most impressed me was the tortuous course of the food. It is not perpendicular at all. It is not even perpendicular. It is a wavy line. Most of the multitude of troubles gathered under the general head of indigestion would be banished from the sun of earthly life.

But the colon adopts no such simple method. Gravity, you know, is the force that draws all bodies toward the earth. It pulls us downward so that walking, dancing, running, are all falling and the recovering from a fall. Every step we take is but saving ourselves from a fall. Yet the obstinate colon tries to defy this law. It deliberately rises, forms a right angle into the transverse colon. This

rebellion against the law of gravitation could never be accomplished were it not for the peristaltic action of the colon. The food is pushed through the great intestine by a contraction of the walls, a squeezing, by the small muscles, of the food in its passage. Each contraction forces the food onward in its long course of the main canals of the body, contributing nourishment on its way.

I have refreshed your memory on this important point that I might make clearer the value of the exercises I have invented. I knew that I could not keep my figure slender and my complexion clear unless I solved the problem of good and speedy digestion.

I reasoned thus: Digestion at its best is hard to achieve. Probably the Indians and the gypsies, who live much out of doors and who vigorously exercise, never suffer from indigestion. But we, who consider ourselves more civilized, are of such habits that a good digestion is exceptional. We lead sedentary lives. We live under roofs and within walls. We sit a great deal. In the sitting posture and even in the standing ones our organs gradually settle upon each other. The space nature intended to leave between them vanishes. They become packed. The food, having to make its journey through cramped spaces, is not thoroughly assimilated.

Now as to my invention. I determined to aid nature in its difficult task of digestion. To do so I returned to the natural posture. I am a loyal disciple of the Darwinian theory of the evolution of man from the ape. There is much evidence contributory to that belief. For instance, our habit of placing an arm above our head while we sleep is a throwing back to our ancestors' established custom of hanging by a paw from a tree branch while asleep.

I determined to make a monkey of myself. Accordingly I dropped to the "all fours" posture and walked about the room. It was easier than I thought. When I had learned to maintain my balance I imitated the swaying movement of monkeys I had seen in the Zoo. They do not walk with the straightforward

"I squat upon the floor and draw one knee after the other upward toward my chin.

This gives unaccustomed exercise to the muscles that lie about the waist."

directness we do. Their bodies sway from side to side as do those of the dancers of a certain European country. That which we call their coquetry is merely atavism. In the shimmering silks, the inevitable draped shawls and the corporeal twistings of such a dancer I see the undraped contortions of her great-grandmother monkey. So as I walked on palms and toes I swayed.

Instead of being uncomfortable I soon found the posture was a distinct relief. I had a distinct sense of the crowded organs gratefully returning into place, of there being the needed space between them. My walk became a run, but always it was a swaying one. I varied my walk as a playful young monkey would, by raising one side of the body and lowering the other, by shifting the weight from one side to the other.

I reasoned, further, that not only is variety the spice of life but its health. As we need a change of food, we need a change of posture. Therefore I changed the attitude of my body in sleep. Formerly I had slept on the right side. I lay, instead, on my stomach. This aided digestion and gave unused muscles a new interplay of the little cords and pullers that cause muscular action.

Continually I studied postures to which my body was unaccustomed. I stood with face and abdomen pressed against a door, my hands clasped above my head. This straightened my spine. I sat cross-legged on a high stool, shifting my legs when the attitude became uncomfortable. I squatted upon the floor, drawing my knees up under my chin. The truth that we do not sit naturally and in a position best adapted to the formation of our bodies possessed me. Whenever I was alone I sat with my feet elevated, on a

plane with the lower point of my spine. In all my postures I tried to secure comfort. For I knew that no muscle ever acts without an impulse from the nerves. Wherefore, I kept my nerves sound and strong by much sleep, by varied postures and by as much out of door life as possible.

I walk much, but I dance more. Walking is the best exercise for the old, dancing for the young, but neither alone is enough for any one. Morning exercises in the bedroom are essential as a preparation for the day. Find the exercises that set you up best for the day and adopt them. Monkey attitudes are best for me. I recommend a trial of them by all my readers.

Doubtless because of these exercises and my active life I have a good appetite. I eat three meals a day—generous ones they are, too. Fortunately I do not care for beauty destroying sweets. My father likes candy, and all the chocolates my admirers send me father eats. I assure all the donors that their gifts are appreciated—by father.

I happen to like orange juice. It is my favorite beverage. I had the habit of drinking a great deal of orange juice daily even before I had heard of that court beauty of France who ate thirty oranges a day for her complexion's sake. When I go to a dance I drink only orange juice. But I drink three or more glasses, and to fill those tall glasses which I empty the juice of four or five oranges is required.

We hear much about conservation—conservation of forests, of shade trees, of wild birds. I plead for the conservation of youth and beauty. I give you humbly of such knowledge as I have. Try my monkey postures. They will help to place you upon the two feet of health which I have named—circulation

and digestion.

To baths of the right kind I think I owe my excellent circulation. I would as lief go without food as without my daily bath. But I am an Athenian rather than a Stole. I won't take cold plunges nor shower baths in winter. I want to live long and have no intention of terminating my career by inviting pneumonia. I am careful that the room in which I bathe has a temperature of 70 Fahrenheit. If it has one of those attacks of cold to which bathrooms in New York are addicted, owing to the carelessness of janitors or the inhumanity of landlords, I drag a light but portable tin tub out to the grate fire, banish my family, lock the doors and take a dip before the flaming grate. A tepid bath so taken and followed by handfuls of alcohol or cologne rubbed vigorously into the pores is a bath heroic enough for most constitutions between the months of October and May in this uncertain climate. From May 31 to October 1, I indulge in cool plunge and shower baths. They give tone to the nerves.



"Sitting cross-legged on a high stool, shifting the weight when I am uncomfortable, strengthens the leg tendons."



"I drop to the 'all fours' posture and walk about the room to relax crowded organs."



"I imitate the swaying walk of monkeys I have seen in the Zoo to give free motion to the hips."

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